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# THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY IN THE WORLD

*continued on following page*



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# THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY

On a warm mid-June morning in 1960, a dusty Mercedes limousine escorted by six motorcycle police roared through the main gate of Frankfurt's airport and braked to a stop beside a waiting airliner. From the auto squeezed the stocky, cigar-smoking defense minister of West Germany, followed by four gray-clad members of his staff. His destination was Washington, D. C., and the Pentagon, and his mission was to discuss what then was inevitable to diplomatic and military leaders of the western alliance—a new snowballing Berlin crisis.

As Herr Franz Josef Strauss paused beside his limousine, he mentally recapped several world-shaking events of the preceding six weeks that placed him beside a plane destined for the United States. It all began on May Day when a Red Army anti-aircraft unit stationed deep inside Russia celebrated the traditional communist labor day by blasting out of the Soviet Union's wild blue yonder a U-2 spy plane piloted by Francis Gary Powers. In the wake of the U-2 "incident," a Big Four summit conference also was shot down along with America's high-flying secret agent, and tubby Nikita Khrushchev, the Kremlin's bellicose soap-box orator, began mouthing a series of threats that began in Paris and continued months later with an unprecedented historic shoe-thumping session at the United Nations in New York, right up to the threat of war today.

These repercussions weighed heavily on the portly West German defense official, but he shook off his somber thoughts and began walking toward his plane. Then a group of newsmen suddenly swarmed around him and hemmed in his staff, hammering the minister with questions. He deftly fielded a question from an American correspondent who jokingly asked if he planned to buy a U-2 while he was in Washington.

"What would we do with it?" Strauss shrugged in mock *(Continued on page* 106

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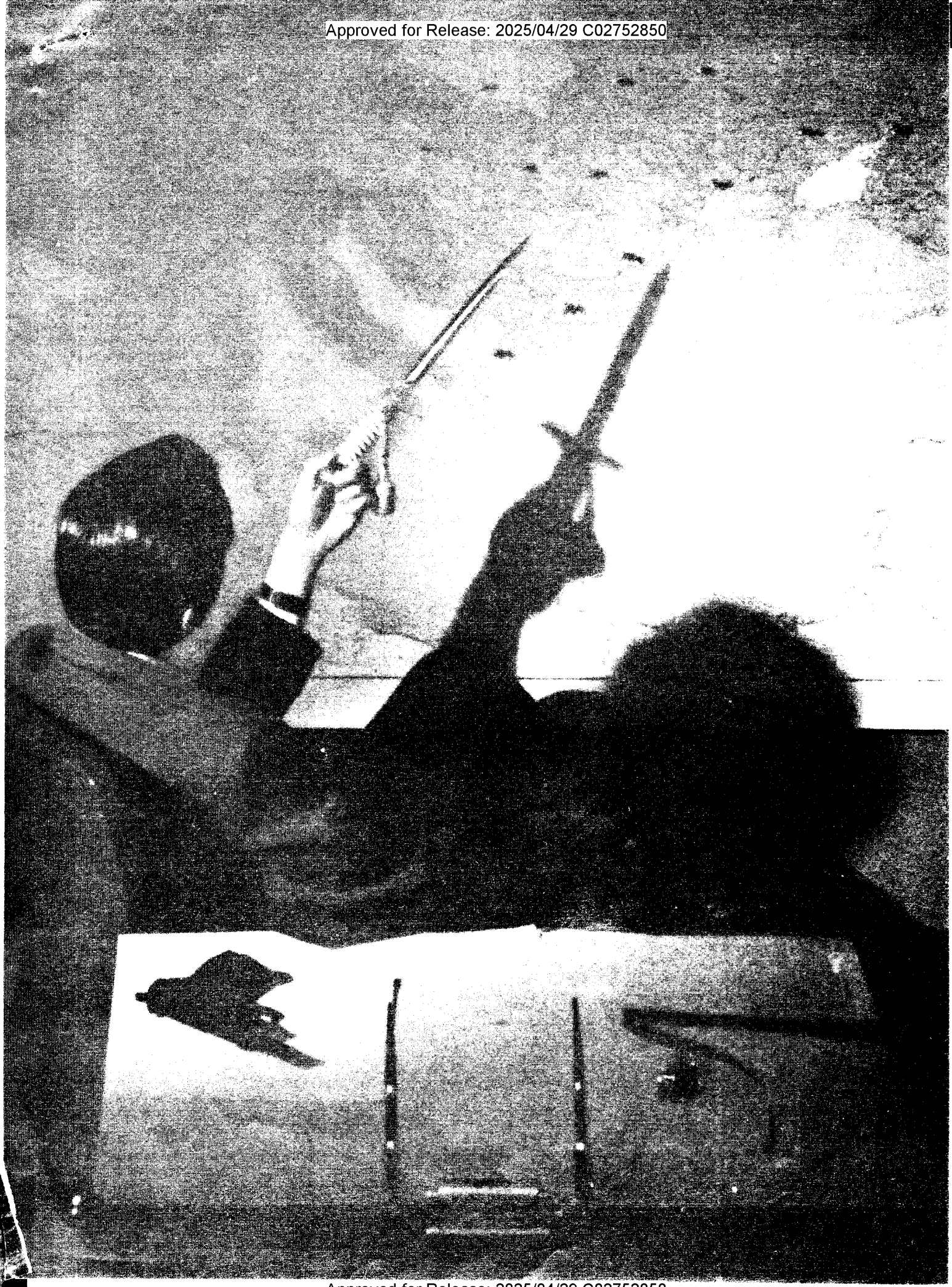

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published by the Flanders Filter Company, relating to survival in air-raid shelters, seems to indicate strongly that men might have survived for a considerable period inside the submerged chamber—if they got the petcocks shut. "A sitting adult," says the Flanders report, "consumes only 0.0114 cubic feet of oxygen per minute. As air normally contains twenty-one per cent oxygen, this amount is equivalent to .0543 cubic feet of fresh air per person, per minute."

Flanders sums up, "In fact, one need not fear asphyxiation even if ventilation is omitted for several hours, since the effect of a progressive decrease in oxygen of the air does not become marked until it has fallen to thirteen per cent, and the air in a 336-cubic-foot shelter will support six people for seven hours while the oxygen content decreases from twenty-one to thirteen per cent."

Three hundred and thirty-six cubic feet is the volume Flanders assumes for a small civil-defense shelter. The volume of a recompression chamber is roughly the same. So it may well have been possible for the five divers to have remained alive on the bottom for some time if they remained at rest. If only one diver got into the chamber, he could have remained alive much longer. The only way this mystery will be solved, probably, is for somebody to recover the chamber and look inside.

Wives and relatives of the twenty-eight men who perished on Texas Tower Number Four are, however, now taking a serious hand in the aftermath of the disaster. Law suits totalling millions of dollars have been started by a number of people against the organizations they feel are responsible for the loss of their loved ones. The Air Force has been carrying on court-martial proceedings against officers in the command who might have been negligent or derelict in their duties. ARGOSY cannot report the findings in either the civil or military cases, at this time, since both are still in progress.

The findings of the Congressional Committee, however, have been published and are herewith summarized in part:

(1) "A substantial portion of the responsibility for the defects, deficiencies and inadequacies in the design and construction, and in some cases in the repair, of Texas Tower Number Four rests squarely upon the Bureau of Yards and Docks of the Department of the Navy."

(2) "The Air Force is chargeable with the responsibility for the safety and well-being of the personnel on board the tower, both civilian and military, and must accept a substantial portion of the blame for the loss of the twenty-eight persons on board at the time of the collapse in failing to order a timely evacuation of the tower."

These findings are certainly clear-cut. It is easy to exercise twenty-twenty vision when using hindsight, and ARGOSY is attempting to report, not to evaluate in any way. One thing we believe everyone will agree to. Texas Tower Number Four had more troubles than Job. She collapsed because of dozens of reasons. They kept adding up, over a period of years, and the ocean worried the tower every second with random motions. After reading the 288-page play-by-play description in the document "Inquiry Into the Collapse of Texas Tower No. 4," an impartial observer may well draw the conclusion that this was a tragedy nobody was solely responsible for. Everybody involved seems to have tried pretty hard to do a good job—the designers, the builders, the Navy, the USAF, the divers. The thing was this: TT4 stood in 185 feet of water. She soaked up a hell of a beating over a long period. She finally just couldn't take it any longer and she went down.

However, one final paragraph in the Congressional Committee findings does seem really important at this point. When TT4 fell, the services decided not to replace it. Here's what the committee said about that: "The decision not to replace Tower No. 4 with a structure performing a like function raises serious doubt as to whether Tower No. 4 was indeed an operation requirement of the service at the time of its collapse. The continued need for maintaining the operation of Towers Nos. 2 and 3 (the two still out there) is a decision calling for the exercise of military judgment over which the subcommittee is not superimposing its own judgment."

Indeed, it does seem that these quotes give food for thought. ARGOSY, during research in Boston, was informed unofficially that legs for a new Texas tower were being fabricated there even now. We could not verify this rumor. It may be false. But in the light of Soviet airplane and missile capability, such a venture—which is very expensive—would certainly seem worthy of review. None of these towers are useful against ICBMs—and this is a threat which will steadily increase. And Uncle Sam doesn't have a bottomless pocket, despite our vast spending sprees overseas. A saying, attributed to a former head of the Strategic Air Command, seems to fit here. "A second-best military force," said this astute general," is like a second-best hand at poker. It costs like hell—and doesn't win a thing!"

If the time for Texas towers has indeed come and gone, perhaps we ought to pull the crews off TT2 and TT3, instead of upping their pay, as a recent bill proposes to do. Certainly we ought not to build new towers. There's no use kidding ourselves. If Russia miscalculates us into a war over Berlin, we can't hurt them very badly with a handful of highly expensive steel islands off our coastline which are suitable only as roosting places for tired seagulls, or breeding spots for disaster. • • •

## THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY IN THE WORLD *Continued from page 20*

innocence. "Our man Gehlen does things better—and has never been caught!"

His off-hand, bombshell reply brought a gasp from the fifty newsmen and photographers packed around Strauss. Gehlen's name is only whispered in Europe, although he is held in awe west of the Iron Curtain and feared by the Reds on the slave side of the heavily fortified line that divides two worlds.

Reinhard Gehlen! A living legend in his own time, Gehlen is a master spy with a price on his head and an army of Soviet killers on his shadowy trail. Kremlin leaders want him "dead or alive"—preferably alive—and since 1947 have had a standing offer of a $500,000 reward (that's also rumored to go as high as $1,000,000) for a man only a handful of people know.

At the plane-side press conference, Strauss became the first West German official openly to admit that Gehlen is his country's spy chief.

Few Germans, including the majority of men in the higher echelons of the Bonn Government, know what he looks like. Even the Kremlin's crack teams of killers from the KGB Foreign Intelligence Bureau are as mystified as most Germans, for the only photographs of Gehlen said to exist are of World War II vintage, that is, unless the photographs of Strauss and his staff published that June day in 1960 are of any use to the mysterious spy master's enemies. For Reinhard Gehlen was there in disguise as one of the four nondescript, gray-clad members of the German official's staff! He, too, had a mission in Washington: A report to Allen Dulles, director of the United States Central Intelligence Agency, which bankrolls Gehlen's own group of spies, and another in a long series of meetings with the not-so-anonymous American spy master who gave his clever and secretive German colleague and protegé a new start in life some fourteen years earlier.

West Germany's mystery man is one of the prime reasons why there is a Berlin crisis. From 1946 until now, Gehlen's super-secret *Bundesnachrichtendienst* (Federal Intelligence Service of the German Federal Republic) is heavily involved in espionage in the former German capital, and has virtually humiliated the deadly communist spy machine in every nation behind the Iron Curtain. His presence at CIA headquarters is often requested by top American intelligence leaders who long ago admitted that Gehlen "knows more about what's going on inside Russia than even the Kremlin's secret police force." In the estimation of a select few Americans who know Gehlen—and there are very few—"he's the only weatherman who can read storm warnings blowing in from behind the Iron Curtain."

Gehlen was appointed director of his country's intelligence service after West Germany became a sovereign state in 1955, but he still maintains his headquarters (as he has for the past fifteen years) in the quiet village of Pullach, five miles south of Munich, in a tree-shaded compound on the banks of the Isar River. Surrounded by a ten-foot-high concrete wall, his secluded headquarters from the outside resembles a typical German housing development, with neat lawns and flower bushes around lace-curtained villas used for administration buildings. At both entrances are electrically operated steel-mesh sliding doors, expertly camouflaged sentry boxes manned by a select group of heavily armed guards and the latest electronic detection devices to warn of curious and unwelcome visitors. His own head-



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object which had almost—but not quite—managed to bash it shut, was the route that led to the dining hall at the bottom of the wreck. O'Neill stationed a man at the entrance to this passage with one of the 1,000-watt lights.

Here Bill Routt had a word to say to ARGOSY:

"That passageway almost stopped me. I saw how the bulkhead was bulged almost shut. I kept thinking: *What if I'm going past that tight spot and she gives a little more? Dad is gonna be flat as a flounder.*"

O'Neill swam in and squeezed through. Routt swam in behind him and squeezed through. They were in the dining hall, close to 160 feet down.

"At this point," Routt said, "I began to get a little nutty. I had to keep saying to myself: *Boy, it's just a dive. You're down here looking for bodies. It's just a dive.* I don't know what it was, nitrogen narcosis, maybe. I found a mattress in the dining hall and it threw me. Why was it here? Who needs a mattress in a dining hall? In a dining hall, you eat. I just hung there in the water until old Mike swam over and banged me on the shoulder and brought me out of it."

O'Neill checked his diver's wrist watch after he'd made a tour of the dining hall and found no bodies. He had three more precious minutes on the bottom according to the recompression tables. He swam over the steam tables of the dining hall into a dark recess, the galley. Inside, something plucked lightly at his intake hose, and he pulled back instinctively to look. It was a torn edge of metal, and if it had been an inch or two longer it would have ruptured the delicate neoprene hose, and Mike would have drowned.

"I had a sudden thought," Mike said. "It was this: *Nobody is gonna run into the galley for a sandwich when a tower is shaking. I'm a fool to be in here. I think I'll get out.*"

He turned carefully, avoiding the tangle of cooking gear in the galley and swam back to Bill Routt's light. The time on the bottom was up. He indicated to Bill that they would now surface. Then, as they started out, O'Neill got a frightening surprise. One of the 1,000-watt lights lay on the deck, abandoned and burning. Where was the diver who'd had it? Mike knew his own air was nearly gone, but he knew he could not surface until he'd made a check for that missing man. The poor guy might have an attack of "rapture of the depths" (excess nitrogen can turn a cool-headed pro into an irresponsible drunk), and be swimming around in circles at the bottom of the dining hall.

"I sent Routt up and out," Mike said. "Then I swam down into the black pocket at the very bottom of the wreck, looking for the missing man. He wasn't there. I checked my watch. I was overdue on the surface. I couldn't look any more. Then, to top it, my main tanks ran dry and I had to switch to emergency. I didn't hit the panic switch, but I did start out of there as fast as I could move."

Mike found the hatch on the cargo deck and squirmed out into the open sea, racing against his air supply. Coming toward the surface, he had a brief moment of relief: all four of his divers were clustered there underwater, taking their prescribed underwater decompression. Mike didn't have the air for that. He broke through the surface, spit out his mouthpiece, and said, "Get me in the tank, boys."

The Navy divers on the *Sunbird* hauled Mike out fast and put him into one of the vessel's two recompression chambers.

"I didn't get bent," Mike said. "And my ears popped nicely when they threw the pressure to me. It's blue murder if they don't. Feels like two guys were boring holes in your head from both sides at once. Better than the bends, though. You can die of the bends if they're bad enough."

With the completion of O'Neill's deep exploratory dive, it was known that most of the men aboard the tower—very probably all of them except Bakke—had been topside on deck at the moment of collapse. The heat went out of the search as far as hoping that anybody could be recovered alive. The tappings had stopped. It was now a matter of salvaging the secret gear and trying to ascertain exactly how the tower had broken up when she fell.

ARGOSY did ask Davy Crockett to give his opinion of the theory that the divers had gone into the recompression tank as a temporary refuge when the tower began its last wild oscillations. Crockett is most emphatic about this. The portable chamber, he points out, was fed by a portable air compressor and connected to the chamber by piping. There were also external banks of oxygen tanks connected to the chamber in this manner. When the tower fell, the chamber had to fall ninety feet into the ocean—and both the compressor and the tanks would almost certainly have been ripped off. This would have left the men trapped in a tiny steel tank, with no extra air or oxygen. Davy calculates they would only have had enough air for a short time, assuming that they were able to close the petcocks on the air and oxygen inlets. If they had not, the chamber would have flooded instantly through the holes and there would have been no time at all.

ARGOSY asked Davy if by chance the men might have donned aqualungs and gotten inside the chamber with them, using the chamber merely as a protection during the expected ninety-foot fall into the raging sea. Crockett said that it was his understanding that the divers were not "lungers"—didn't use SCUBA gear. They were hard-hat boys. They dived with heavy helmets and bulky suits and received their air through hoses from the surface. Davy did not think there was any SCUBA (self-contained underwater breathing apparatus) on board at the time. If this is correct, and if Crockett's other assumptions are also correct, he would seem to have settled this tapping business once and for all. Tappings could *not* have come from trapped divers. Any wives or relatives of the divers, reading this, may be comforted. It would seem better to get it over quickly, if a man must die, than do it the hard way, trapped in 185 feet of water.

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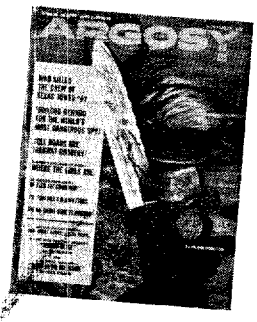


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quarters building is separately enclosed by an electrified steel fence, and his paneled second-floor office contains only one symbol of his profession and is indicative of a sense of humor acquired about a decade ago. Always perched on the edge of his wide desk is a box of cigars bearing simply inscribed labels reading *Geheimdienst* (Secret Service).

Like the tall, stooped and white-haired director of the CIA, Gehlen also has some of Allen Dulles' professional air and probably patterned his sense of humor after the American spy chief, who also keeps a gag prop on his desk—a plaster statuette of a man draped with a cloak and clutching a dagger. But unlike Dulles, who stands out in a crowd, Gehlen (addicted to all sorts of disguises and aliases when he travels) is of medium height, has a square, leathery face centered with a thin, aristocratic nose separating piercing blue eyes below a high forehead topped by thinning brown hair. Other distinguishing characteristics: outsize ears and a thin, square or full, brown mustache—though he occasionally wears no mustache at all.

Any description of Germany's master spy, also known to his intimates as *Der Doktor,* fits many a German. The cloak of anonymity that surrounds him today can be likened to the war clouds that gathered in Europe in the mid-1930s, blotting out the early activities of Major Reinhard Gehlen. In his early thirties at the time, Gehlen was a professional soldier in the Wehrmacht. A Prussian by birth, a ramrod-stiff *Junker* in appearance, Major Gehlen trained in the old German army as an operations staff officer. As a career officer, whose allegiance by *Junker* tradition was only to his country (not the Nazi Party) and his *offizier* class, young Gehlen remained in the Wehrmacht after the Nazis took over Germany in 1933. He was a junior officer in 1939 in a panzer division and received his baptism of fire in Hitler's attack against Poland. He met his first Russians when his division linked up with the Soviets who had invaded Poland from the east, when Hitler and Stalin were partners in crime.

From 1940 on, he rose rapidly because the expanding Nazi military juggernaut needed experienced officers. In the fall of 1940, Colonel Gehlen reported to the planning staff of "Operation Barbarossa"—the men who planned to double-cross the Kremlin by invading Russia. He directed several combat operations during the first months of Hitler's blitzkrieg through the western half of the Soviet Union, but didn't distinguish himself as a military genius. Other than his most trusted assistants, little is known of Gehlen's military service by former German officers who served at the Wehrmacht's Eastern Front Headquarters. The majority were captured by the Reds who, seeking vengeance against the German officer corps, probably killed the very men who could have shed light on the spy the Kremlin fears the most.

In early 1943, he was put in charge of all Wehrmacht intelligence operations on the Eastern Front. Methodically, he built up a small espionage and counter-espionage organization that functioned too efficiently. On the one hand, he built a pipeline into Red Army military headquarters using disgruntled Ukranians and Russians as spies, with telling effect. His counter-intelligence agents, on the other hand, were so effective they brought him information and the plans for the unsuccessful 1944 assassination plot against Hitler's life. But loyalty to the officer corps rather than to Hitler, whom he despised, kept this vital information under wraps.

Then, in 1944, the Third Reich's self-styled military genius ordered his armies in Russia to prepare a giant counterattack. Planning fell directly upon the shoulders of Gehlen, now a major general, and his superior, Wehrmacht Chief of Staff General Heinz Guderian. Both men were summoned to Berlin to present plans for the offensive to Hitler.

It was a stormy session that took place in the deeply dug *Fuehrerbunker* when Hitler's request for Gehlen's maps evoked no reply. "Your maps, Generals!" the Nazi leader snapped. "*Mein Fuehrer,*" Gehlen finally spoke up after stiffly saluting the number one German, "an offensive at this time is impossible because the enemy is prepared to attack within forty-eight hours. In fact, I believe they will succeed unless we pull back our forces on the Eastern Front."

Gehlen stepped back. Hitler's lips curled and his facial muscles strained. Then he turned, screaming to the Wehrmacht chief of staff, demanding who the fool was who "dug up this nonsense and dares appear before me?"

The small group of professional soldiers in the bunker shrank into corners or slipped out of the war room to escape the madness of their hysterical leader.

"No true German would ever present this kind of defeatist report," Hitler raged. "This is the greatest bluff since Ghengis Khan! This man, this Gehlen, he belongs in a lunatic asylum."

General Guderian stepped to Gehlen's side. "Then send me to an asylum with him," the flinty German general retorted. "Without his reports, intelligence directly from the Kremlin, we would have been defeated long ago by the Russians."

Hitler exploded again. Literally frothing at the mouth, Guderian later reported, he stormed out, followed by his coterie of party hacks and SS bodyguards.

Gehlen's mind was made up, thanks to the *Fuehrer,* and he returned to Eastern Front Headquarters with only one thought in mind: To prepare for the defeat of Germany and his own survival. In March 1945, he carefully began to plan for the grim post-war future. "Forget about military intelligence and concentrate on political espionage," he messaged his spies in the field. "Unearth what Stalin and the political commissars are planning for the post-war period."

Information he received from his secret agents might have altered the course of history if it had fallen into Allied hands at the time it came into Gehlen's possession. With the Kremlin's post-war blueprint for conquest in his hands, he decided it was high time to flee to the Western Front and surrender to the United States Army. Of one thing he was sure: if the Soviets learned who he was, he'd face certain torture and death if he was captured.

He planned carefully and well. To his


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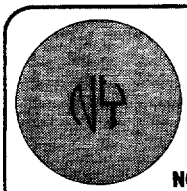

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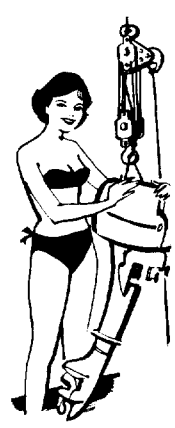

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3,000 secret agents inside Russia, he sent a message ordering immediate suspension of all espionage operations and the promise that his spies, within two years, would hear from him again, and work for him again. The order to his staff of thirty key officers was: "Go underground—and await my call!"

In two weeks, he carefully collected his most important records and filled fifty filing cabinets full of maps of Russia, reports of his intelligence operations in Russia and Eastern Europe, the names and vital information about his most trusted officers and all of his secret agents and, finally, the most complete dossiers of top Red leaders in Europe and Russia other than what similar material the NKVD had on the same people.

One night during the first week of April, a truck loaded with fifty filing cases and driven by a nondescript Wehrmacht corporal drove westward, bearing somewhat toward the south and the mountains of Bavaria. General Gehlen's punctual appearance at morning staff meetings had suddenly come to an end that same morning. He never did show up.

For the great majority of Nazis—and other Germans—war's end also meant the end of the line. But it was to mark a new beginning for Reinhard Gehlen. Almost three months after the Nazi surrender, a nattily-dressed officer clad in the spotless gray uniform of a Wehrmacht major general jauntily stepped from a tiny mountain chalet perched high above Munich, and marched down the sun-washed, hard-packed dirt road toward Bavaria's largest city. United States Army vehicles rumbled by the erect officer hiking toward Munich. Finally an MP jeep sped by, halted, and then backed up to the marching German. A military police sergeant demanded his papers.

"No papers," he snapped back in perfect but accented English. "Just take me to your commanding general. Immediately!"

According to one high-ranking American intelligence officer who was present when Major General Reinhard Gehlen surrendered, it was the only time in the German master spy's life that he elected to announce his identity to persons other than his closest colleagues. By nature a tight-lipped person with a passion for anonymity, Gehlen volunteered information about his entire intelligence organization, but withheld the news about his treasure trove of fully packed filing cabinets hidden in a mountain cave. He fit the description of Major General R. Gehlen listed in Wehrmacht files, but none of his questioners had ever heard of his accomplishments in the field of espionage.

However, he surprised his interrogators by offering a proposition based upon a prediction. He claimed that the Kremlin would send the Red Army marching into Iran within twelve months, and with information like this at his fingertips, he said he thought it would be wise for the U. S. Army to hire him as an agent. He was laughed back to the prisoner-of-war cage.

In late 1945, he was released from internment, presented with papers certifying that he was properly "de-Nazified," because he had never been a Nazi Party member, and promptly dropped from sight.

Stalin's not yet demobilized army marched into Iran in 1946 and Reinhard Gehlen marched into U. S. Army occupation headquarters in Munich shortly after the news broke of Soviet treachery against an unarmed neighbor. His request to see the G-2 chief was honored.

"I have a proposition," he told the American officer. "You know who I am and what I did during the war. You can have fifty filing cabinets filled with vital documents of great value to your government if you let me go to work for you."

Soviet treachery in Iran and a communist-sponsored civil war burning heavily in Greece didn't have to spell out the details of his proposition. It was one of the most valuable post-war deals ever made by the United States. For included in Gehlen's files were detailed maps of Russia compiled by the Wehrmacht and Gehlen's agents, which were to become the backbone of American war plans. These maps today are closely guarded military secrets in the vaults of the U.S. Army Map Service and they are also included in the U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command's top-secret target information center.

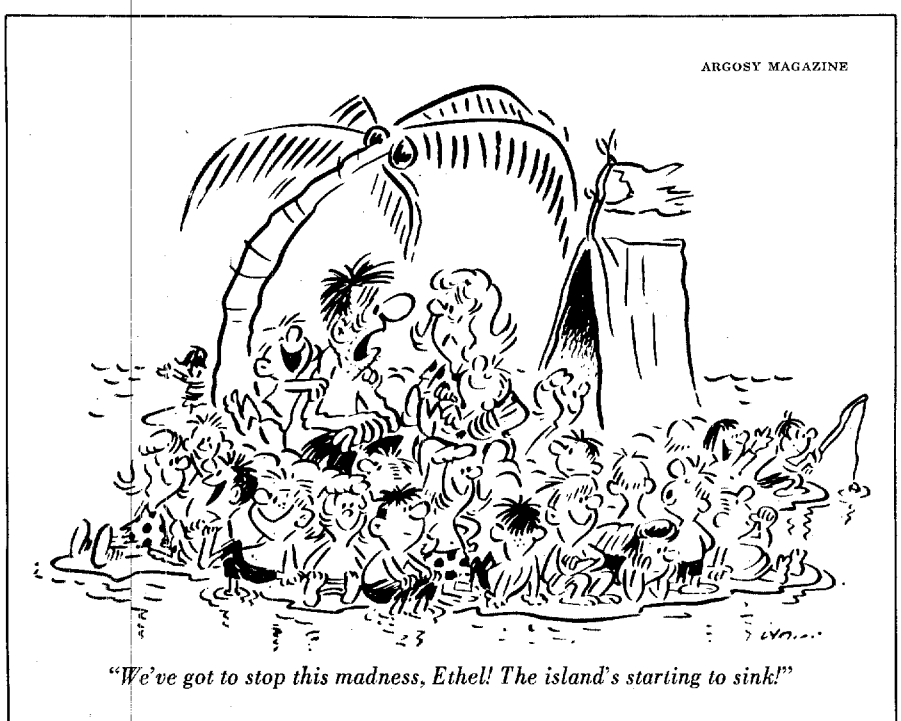
In the summer of 1947, after almost a year with the G-2 section of the Army's constabulary force, Gehlen was flown to Washington where he met Allen Dulles for the first time. Dulles was a top intelligence official who had been monitoring Gehlen's work from Washington. Dulles' offer was plain and simple: Would Gehlen be interested in setting up an independent espionage system paid for by the United States? Gehlen gave a qualified affirmative answer. He agreed to work for Uncle Sam as long as Germany was occupied by the Allies, but he was not to be asked to "work against the German interest."

He returned to Germany a few weeks later and was set up in a closely guarded compound outside Frankfurt. Via the cloak-and-dagger underground telegraph, his alert to 3,000 spies in Eastern Europe and Russia filtered down to the men who once worked for his Wehrmacht intelligence organization. To his thirty trusted officers in their underground hideouts, he sent this message: "Resurrection in Frankfurt! Gehlen."

Most of his activities as an American spy are still veiled in secrecy, although one CIA official went so far as to admit that Gehlen's spy center was "mostly useful in squelching various alarms; they knew a lot more about the Russians than anyone we had." But in the early years of what came to be affectionately known as *Burö Gehlen*, Washington officials refused to confirm that this organization ever existed. Mere mention of the name Gehlen was enough to make American intelligence officials in Germany clam up blank-faced. It was a time when the Kremlin was building a prison around Eastern Europe, when Czechoslovakia was about to fall to the Reds in 1948 (a Gehlen prediction and warning), when the Berlin blockade was instituted by the Russians in the summer of 1948 (another Gehlen forecast) and when the Soviet secret police were running rampant through West Berlin and the western occupation zone of Germany, kidnaping some anti-Reds and killing others. It was also a time when the Reds began blaming "Gehlen agents" for all acts of sabotage throughout Eastern Europe, and began a search for the mystery man.

On the surface, the Kremlin had an edge, for in the dangerous underground game of cold-war espionage, there's a built-in advantage on the communist side of the front line—an estimated 10,000,000 party members in more than sixty different countries, and all potential secret agents. This is an irrefutable fact. In the shadowy, secretive world of Reinhard Gehlen, on the other hand, it's often hard to distinguish legend from fact. But Gehlen's ruthless efficiency has brought to an end the career of many an important communist official, as well as an end of life itself to Red spies who have tangled with *Burö Gehlen*.

Early in 1950, Gehlen's agents in Berlin




*"We've got to stop this madness, Ethel! The island's starting to sink!"*



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discovered that the main telephone trunk lines used by all of East Berlin (where German Reds and top-level Soviet civilian and military leaders were privileged to have telephones) were located in conduits a few feet from the border line separating the divided city. Gehlen's next move was obvious: He had his agents dig a large tunnel from the western sector to the telephone trunk lines in the eastern sector. For two years, his agents monitored the most important communist messages and obtained proof that Dr. Otto John, leader of a rival intelligence service, also bankrolled by the CIA, was in reality a double agent working for the Kremlin. Just at the time Gehlen was ready to unmask John, the Soviet secret police discovered the tunnel and tipped off John that he should pull out of the western sector of the city. John won a cops-and-robbers auto race through Berlin to the Brandenburg Gate and safety at the control point manned by the Red Army and communist East German *Volkspolizei* guarding the entrance to the east sector.

But the Reds lost out on another score, and disgrace came to Gehlen's deadliest enemy, Ernst Wollweber, chief of the East German intelligence service. Wollweber's spies discovered that Gehlen preferred fast cars, spotted his personal Mercedes 300 SL, and set up an ambush on a lonely road near Munich. Machine-gun fire smashed into the low-slung sports car as it came barreling down the road toward Pullach, but the attempt failed because Gehlen had thoughtfully had his vehicle outfitted with bulletproof windshields.

But Wollweber didn't stop there. His next attempt, although foiled, as were later attempts, was directed against Gehlen's family. If the Reds could get Gehlen's wife or any one of his four children as a hostage, Wollweber felt, they would have Gehlen over a barrel. This attempt was narrowly frustrated by Gehlen's teen-age son who was no slouch with a pistol.

But the former Wehrmacht general was furious. Two could play at the game and he decided to do away with his East German counterpart in a classic ploy that "spooks" everywhere still talk about.

Walter Granisch, one of Gehlen's trusted supervisors, was called in to discuss "Operation Brutus." He agreed to the plan outlined by *Der Doktor*. In 1954, Herr Walter Granisch, with a forged identity card and carrying a tattered document describing him as a one-time Gestapo strong-arm type, made his appearance in East Berlin. His next move was a meeting with Wollweber to talk about "old times."

"*Ja*, you've come up in the world, Wollweber," Granisch remarked after they each had consumed a number of drinks in the ex-Nazi's office. "I'd like to join the Commies, too. What the hell—Reds, Nazis—they're all alike and it's all the same. How about it? It'll be like the good old days in the Gestapo."

Granisch offered his sabotage and terrorist experience, which he claimed was learned in the Gestapo, and Wollweber accepted his rediscovered "friend" as a member of his own staff.

For two years, the Gehlen agent played the part of a loyal Communist, meanwhile slowly pulling Wollweber in deeper and deeper by tipping off Burö Gehlen's Berlin office about the plans of East German intelligence service. But all good stories must come to an end. Granisch conned his East German boss into publicly presenting him with a medal and citation for his "role" in devising extensive sabotage and terrorist plans against Allied shipping in West Germany. This was the moment for which Gehlen had waited two years. A tiny slip of paper was pressed into Granisch's hand one morning. It read: "*Raus! G.*" Translated it ordered the West German agent to flee East Germany immediately.

When Granisch returned, Gehlen put his second phase of "Operation Brutus" into high gear. The heroic spy was flown to Bonn and, with great publicity fanfare, presented with a medal for his "brave and devoted exploits amid great danger."

West Berlin papers are used for more than wrapping fish in the east sector, and it was only a matter of hours before the Soviet secret police saw their German "colleague's" photo in the western-sector paper. "Explain!" shouted East Germany's top man, Walter Ulbricht. "Explain!" roared the Russian security agents.

Wollweber was speechless, but not so his communist bosses. He was stripped of all party rank and privileges, read out of the Communist Party and simultaneously kicked out of his job. The star of Operation Brutus had done in his communist "friend." Burö Gehlen won another round against the common enemy.

Along with his many successful battles against the Reds, Gehlen has had to suffer silently through some failures. The Hungarian revolt in 1956 was one example. Small arms that were promised by Gehlen's agents in Hungary were never dispatched because the CIA didn't come through. In the event of another uprising in Eastern Europe (and Gehlen expects to know about it before it even happens), the story will be somewhat different.

*Der Doktor's* leading secret agents, like their boss, also shun any form of publicity. For security reasons, few of them know more than two or three other members of the Burö. More often than not, their successes go unheralded (except for the squawks of pain from the Reds), and for their failures, they usually pay with their lives. The Reds claim to have captured hundreds of so-called "American-paid Gehlen agents," but the KGB has yet to crack the tight wall of security protecting General Gehlen's vast operation. Gehlen's method of operating a ring within a ring, with none of his agents in the field knowing much about one another, is about as successful as espionage groups can operate with small teams. By choice, even Gehlen limits his own knowledge about the details of his organization. He feels that, if he's captured and tortured, the less he knows, the less the Kremlin will learn.

There's little doubt that the West German Federal Republic has inherited one of the most efficient intelligence organizations in the world. *Der Doktor* has 5,000 active spies behind the Iron Curtain and another 5,000 part-time agents he can call upon.

Call him spy master or master spy, *Der Doktor* will always be Reinhard Gehlen—the CIA's mystery man in Europe whom nobody in the Kremlin knows, but whom all the top Soviet Reds fear. •


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